change of pace

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by scredgirl

Summary

On the importance of sex as a relaxation method and the top/bottom balance in a relationship.

Notes

Thanks to Cheyenne as alwaysss ✨♥

Triss let go of the fistful of sheets she clutched in her hand and exhaled all the tension she had been holding in an ecstatic sigh. Her body gave one last tremble and she stretched in satisfaction, arching her back like a cat. Her eyes remained closed as she caught her breath, lips apart. She felt Philippa move back up her body to lie next to her. Triss draped one arm over her lover's chest and pulled her closer, kissing her wet mouth with a grateful hum.

They lay in silence, flushed bodies cooling down amid silk sheets. The light outside had gotten warmer as midday approached, pouring in through the tall window of the bedchamber. Philippa sat up, slid her legs out over the edge of the bed, feet resting on the ornate carpet on the floor, and reached for the glass of water on the nightstand. Triss knelt behind her, wrapping her arms around her waist. Philippa's hair smelled of cinnamon and some expensive amber. Triss brushed it aside, planting lazy kisses on her shoulders.

“You’re still so tense,” she remarked, feeling the rigidity of the muscles under her lips.

“There is much that needs to be handled today. I had better start preparing the coronation ceremony.”

Triss flattened a hand against Philippa’s stomach to keep her from getting up off the bed.

“You said we’d have the day to ourselves,” she said reproachfully. “I thought we agreed you need the rest.”

Philippa made a frustrated sound.

“I can’t afford it. I’ve already delayed my morning work for you. All apologies, but my duties… Ow!”

“Your duties are towards me today. It is not fit that you should abandon them.” Triss bit down on the freckled shoulder again, drawing a sound out of Philippa that was half an exclamation and half a moan. “Don’t you see how pent up you are? You need to be taken care of more than that trifling coronation.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Triss. The coronation is of crucial importance...”

“For Redania? But how can Redania thrive if you’re too wound up to carry it?”

She nipped at her neck, softly this time, while her hands wandered downwards, following the curves down Philippa’s hips. She pressed herself against her body. Philippa’s breathing was restrained, measured, but it shook in a telltale way. Triss knew she needed only to pull at the right thread for her to unravel.

“You are always waiting upon others... upon the realm… upon me… Nothing would ever get done if it weren’t for you,” she breathed against her tan skin. “It’s time you let yourself be serviced in return.”

Triss’s fingers slid down further, drawing idle patterns on the inside of Philippa’s thighs. The sorceress ran a hand through her deep brown hair as she took in a controlled breath and

released it in a deep sigh.

“As long as it won’t take all day,” she conceded at last, letting her head fall back against Triss’s shoulder.

“I make no promises.”

Yet Triss wasted no time in getting to work. Her fingers were exploring at first, trying to find the right spots, the movements that drew the loudest sighs from Philippa, then they grew more rhythmic and deliberate. She found a pattern Philippa seemed to like, her hand tangling in Triss's hair for an anchor as she rocked her hips and whispered encouragements. That was not enough, however, and Triss could not seem to satisfy. Philippa took her hand to guide her, but there was always a point at which she seemed to slip out of the moment, her ragged sighs falling like a ruined soufflé and Triss having to change her rhythm and start to build up her pleasure all over again. *Just let me do this,* she pleaded internally, straining to keep her motions steady. Because Philippa’s hand was still directing hers, Triss felt like she was hardly doing anything at all for her.

Triss removed her hand and unwrapped herself from behind Philippa, who turned her head to look at her quizzically. She moved in front of her and straddled her lap, bringing their lips together in an urgent, demanding kiss. Her hands went to Philippa’s breasts, tracing circles on the sensitive skin. When she had her breathless and thoroughly distracted, Triss placed her hands on her shoulders and pushed her down onto the mattress. She resisted at first, until Triss kissed her deeper and she gave up, letting herself sink into the bed.

Triss kissed her way down Philippa’s neck and got off the bed to kneel on the thick carpet at her feet. She placed her hands on Philippa's knees and pushed them apart, encountering no resistance. Philippa sighed heavily again as Triss’s lips trailed up her thigh. When she reached the juncture, Triss paused for an instant, waiting for a hum of approval coming from above her before she licked in a broad, slow movement. The reaction was immediate, a sudden exhale accompanying the movement of a hand coming to rest on her head. Satisfied with that start, Triss picked up her pace gradually. She much preferred to be using her mouth than her hands, and found that it worked in her favour. She felt like she might at last be getting Philippa to relinquish control when the woman proved her wrong, moving her hips and once again making Triss change her rhythm. She sat up, and the fingers that previously toyed idly with strands of chestnut hair were now holding on more firmly.

Triss pulled away and looked up at her.

“Lie back down.”

“Pardon?”

The woman above her looked disheveled, her cheeks darkened by a strong blush and her hair messed up from sleep and sex. Even in this state, it was hard for Triss to give her orders without flinching.

“I said… I’m doing this. Just lie down and stop trying to lead.”

“I always lead. Isn’t that what you prefer?”

“Well… Not this time. Please.”

Triss reached up and pushed her backwards.

“You’re not letting yourself relax,” she continued. “Try not being in charge for once.”

“That doesn’t sound relaxing to me at all.” She lied back down all the same.

“It will be. Trust me.”

Triss soothingly ran her hands along her legs. She could feel the weight of Philippa’s body shifting on the bed as she struggled to keep herself from interfering. Triss gripped her hips, holding her in place, and buried her face between her legs, unimpeded by abrupt changes of pace this time. As she had hoped, Philippa soon stopped fidgeting, her breathing coming in harder and faster than before. The muscles of her thighs tensed up when Triss's tongue hit a satisfying angle, but she wasn't attempting to guide her anymore. Her fingers dug into the mattress, then her hands went to Triss's shoulders, holding on for a moment before she threw both of her arms over her head, clutching the opposite edge of the bed. Her laboured sighs became stifled moans. By the time she was finished, she wasn't quite screaming, but Triss had never heard her be so loud before.

“So?” Triss wiped her mouth smugly, crawling back on the bed and straddling a panting Philippa.

Her only response was a worn out hum.

“Did I not tell you as much? It's good to let go.”

“Maybe.” Philippa looked at her with half open eyes and put a hand on the back of Triss's neck, drawing her down to meet her lips. She took both of Triss’s hands into her own and rolled her on her back so that she was on top. “Once in a while.”

Triss wrapped her legs around her waist and gladly returned her kiss.

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